

MILK PRODUCERS AROUSED

TRYING TO UNITE ON A PLAN FOR OB- TAINING HIGHER PRICES

Meetings Preliminary to a Convention in Middletown—Farmers rehearsing their plans.

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the products. The agent makes all contracts and collects the bills. His instructions are to have every milkman give bonds, before the milk is shipped, that the bills shall be paid, either once or twice a month, within three

The main purpose of the movement throughout the milk-producing region is to raise the price to be got by producers. There has been a large increase in the price of feed, and it has been thought a focus for farmers' discontent. Various methods have been suggested from time to time whereby to make milk pay in relation to the cost of feed. The first suggestion was to cooperate in having local associations of whose members should produce themselves the cream for the manufacture of butter. The second association, the prices to be fixed on the basis of the cost of feed, was suggested in the city to notify the association to be appointed was an over production. The association was to be organized on the basis of the cost of feed each day of the week, and each of these associations was to be organized on the basis of milk as long as the over supply continues. Another plan was to establish creameries associations, to buy and work into butter and cheese. The third suggestion was to organize a still another scheme, suggested for the benefit of the creamery. The fourth suggestion was to raise the price of milk, particularly was to get the price of milk to be raised to the level of the rail to distance, and then give Orange County a special rate.

But the most popular movement seems to be the one to raise the price of milk to the level of the rail to distance, and then give Orange County a special rate.

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declined. The Farmers' Alliance, an association of about 900 members in Orange County, was organized in 1886 to fight the farmers' debt to the contract system, whereby they should have fixed rates according to the season. The Alliance was successful in getting the farmers' contracts reworded on that basis, and the rates were fixed at 10 cents a bushel for corn, 12 for prices of feed and butter rose yearly in the amount more the farmers became dissatisfied. A meeting was held on November 1st, at which between on the 23d of April, but the price of milk to 4 cents a quart. The farmers were not satisfied with this, and a million more refused to pay prices to the farmers. The price of milk fell to 3 and 2 cents, with all the present figures.

The discontent grows in Orange County, and is still greater in Suwannee County, which is still traversed by the Osgood, Midland, Railroad.

Shawano think from all the intervening stations along the county line to Moonston, about 15 miles from the middle town. When the Legislature reduced the freight on milk cans from 55 to 40 cents, the railroad authorities got the milk producers north of the Shawano river to consent to pay 50 cents more, all the way to the south end of the line. They could not otherwise afford to run the milk train beyond that point. The consequence is that the Sullivan County farmer has five cents a can taken from his profits, and the milkmen have a larger and more loaded monthly bill.

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1900 milk over seven cents a day after allowance for the cost of milk consumed by the calves. As the farmer can hold the cows for only 100 days, he must produce five cows to fill it. For this the Sullivan county farmer receives \$1.15, or 11.5 cents a day. The agent's commission, which is five per cent, leaving him only about \$1.10 net. The food cost for the calves is about 10 cents a day, and the standard Mr. Gerow estimates at twelve cents a day, and six cents a day for hay, making eighteen cents a day for the calf. The farmer's profit for the five cows which produce the net of milk is \$1.10, or 22 cents a day. The depreciation of the value of cows is about \$4.00 a year, or 11 cents a day for dairy purposes. He estimates that a cow will live 10 years, or 3,650 days, and that it will cost \$20 in eight months, and this depreciation must be deducted from the farmer's profit of 22 cents a day, leaving him only 11 cents a day for his labor or the interest on his Sullivan county dairies, he says, "from two to three cents a day; so that the average farmer realizes only five or six cents a day for his milk. He has to care and for feeding his milk to the station, and when New York dairies sell for eight and nine cents a day, the farmer has to give up what he is entitled to pay for four cents to the farmer. He can, therefore, figure up the relative expense of his milk, and find it 29 a cent south of the tunnel and \$1.15 north of it. The freight on the milk is 10 cents on the railroad. The freight at 40 cents a can can make the milk net them \$1.00 in Jersey City, or 10 cents a day. The milk is sold at 12 cents a can, and the farmer gets 10 cents a can, or 20 per cent, at ten cents a quart, and over 100 per cent at 12 cents a quart. The farmer is forced to stop producing milk because he cannot get the price he needs to make a profit, and four cents a quart on pain of stopping

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138 miles on the Owens River to New
comes from Montgomery County, west of
any, and from Delaware County, over the
Indian River road and the Walkill Valley road,
the farmers of Orange County and other near
ness can no longer control this matter. The
extract prices this year are those established
and that would be thought of a man who
would try to control prices by holding
it back? A corner might be made, it
a little while, but it would not last.

JEFF BRIGGS'S LOVE STORY[®]
BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER I.

It was raining and blowing at Eldridge's crossing. From the stately birch trees on the hilltop, which were dignifiedly protesting against their rigid spines upward to the hysterical willows in the hollow, which had whipped themselves into a maudlin fury, there was a general tumult. When the wind lifted the rain kept up the distraction, firing the water-carrying wheels of the road, letting loose the miniature catarracs from the eaves to brawling in the ditches, and beating down the roads of wild oats on the lowlands; when the rain ceased for a moment, the wind charged over a already defeated field, ruffled the gullies, scattered the spray from the roadside pines, and added insult to injury. But both wind and rain were vain, for the energies in a malcontent attempt to utter defiance were scattered the Half-way House," which seemed

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bedside. This done, he kicked off his boots, thrust them into a corner, and, rolling himself in a blanket, lay down upon the bed. A habit of early rising, bringing with it, presumably, the verbal accompaniment of health, wisdom, and pecuniary emoluments, had also brought with it certain ideas of the effeminacy of separate toilets and the virtue of readiness. At a few moments he was deep in a chapter, vaguely pecking at his door, as if an unseasonable woodpecker, finally asserted itself to

consciousness. "Come in," he said, with eyes still on the page.

The door opened to a gaunt figure, partly bald, with a beard and partly of plaid hair, the predominance of the latter and a long white iron-gray hair determined her sex. She stood against the post with an air of fatigue, moral and half physical.

"How ye kin lie there, abed, Jeff, and read and pray at night! The spirit o' the Lord be with ye and the reason ye are not some o' them. So, well, well it's well that ye *are* some o' them."

The up coach, like as not, is stopped by high water on the North Fork, ten miles away, and the passengers are kept, keeping to the facts, patiently not recognizing the sound of a boned-up Greatner in the rebellious window shutter, voided theology.

Well," responded the figure, with an air of weariness unheeded and thankless warning, "it's not for me to say. 'P'raps it's all his wisdom, well as some honest 'tude to their own mind. I'm in t'backer in the night watches. But He 's 'I'll come like a thief in the night!'—like it in the night, Jeff."

Itally unable to reconcile this illustration with its driver, Joff lay down. "Conner" coach and Yuba were left behind. In his own way, perhaps, he was uneasy—not to say shocked—at Aunt's habitual freedom of scriptural quotations that good lady herself was, with an oc-

naught from his lips. A fact, by the way, generally understood by purveyors of Scripps licensed and unlicensed.

"I'd take a pull at them bitters, Auntie," said feebly, with his wandering eye still recurring to the page. "They'd do you a power of in the way of 'calmin' yer nerves."

"I was like some folks, I wouldn't want 'ers-tho' made over the simplest yarbs of earth, with just one drop o' spirit to bring out the goodness—ez Deacon Stour's Balm 'er Giload 'at yer meaning?"

"Ef I was like some folks, I wouldn't want 'em. I could let 'em and smoke 'em in the house—

ness—with fourteen bolts in the lap of 'em, y, and nary lodger for one of 'em. Ef I was indifferent to havin' invested my fourth of a good will o' this house, and nary a

single transient lookin' in, I could lie down
take comfort in profane literatoor. But it
in me to do it. And it wasn't your father's
Jeff, neither!"

the elder Briggs's way had been to seek
ase from such trouble at the gambling
and, eventually, in suicide, Jeff could not
it. But he did not say that a full realiza-

his unhappy venture overcame him as he posed the blinds of the hotel that night, and that the half-desperate idea of abandonment then and there to the warring elements had resented his trespass on Nature, led to him an act of simple reason and ease. He did not say this, for easy-going people are not apt to explain the processes

which their content or resignation reached, and are therefore supposed to be none. Keeping to the facts, he simply stated the weather was unfavorable to them, and again found his place on the porch before him. Fixing it with his thumb, he sat up resignedly. The figure wearily dived itself from the door post, and Jeff's eyes

“You won’t stop, Audrey?” he asked mechanically, as if reading aloud from a book; but she was gone, and he was ashamed, although much relieved, to seek again to literature, interrupted only by the whistling of the wind and the heavy volleys of the rain. Presently he found himself wondering what the rain banging were really a shutter, and having settled in his mind that it were a shutter, he closed it.

He put down his book, and marked the place
turning down the leaf, being one of
large class of readers whose mental
eyes are butter-fingered, and easily
their hold. Then he resumed his
and was duly caparisoned. He extin-

d the kerosene lamp, and braved the air and strong currents of the hall and lay in the darkness. Lighting two candles in the barroom, he proceeded to unlock all door. At the same instant a further shook the house, the door yielded and impelled a thin, meek-looking man violently against Jeff, who still struggled.

"An accident has occurred," began the driver, "and—" But here the wind again, blew open the door, plinned Jeff back against the wall, overturned the big stranger, and, dashing up the stairs, slammed every door in the house, ending triumphantly with No. 14, and a crash of glass window.

...rouse up!" said Jeff, still struggling. The right secured.